

*Note on Hume's Bush-quail (Microperdix manipurensis).*—By CAPTAIN  
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During my seven years of residence in Manipur I must have shot over 80 birds of this species there. It is by no means such a rare bird as Hume thinks. For my part I thought it was one of the ordinary quails until I saw a description of the bird in Mr. Oates' last book, and I sent a skin to the Indian Museum. I also gave Mr. Turner of Cooper's Hill a few specimens which he had stuffed by a trained taxidermist. I was surprised to find that there were so few specimens in the Museums and regret that I did not keep the skins of a few more. The Manipuri name for the bird is *Lanz-Soibol*, literally, the Trap Quail, as the Nagas snare this bird in nooses after the jungle fires. These birds breed in Manipur; the egg as in all the quail tribe is very large in proportion to the size of the bird, and is of a greenish colour blotched with patches of brown and black. The nest is merely a hole scraped in the ground and there is no particular nest formation. The eggs in my possession unfortunately got broken in transit or else they would have been valuable. I have only seen these birds at certain times of the year, during the rains and before the jungle fires. They keep to very dense jungle composed entirely of sun and elephant grass, and as they are great runners they are very hard to see. It is only after the jungle fires from February to April that one sees these birds in any quantity. They are always in coveys varying in number from 6 to 8. They are great runners and at first look like black rats running along the ground and are hard to see in the burnt grass the colour of which they so resemble. They will rise readily to dogs and after a short flight drop again into any patch of unburnt grass. I found them in greatest abundance in jungles adjoining nullahs in which there was a certain amount of water,—in fact they are always found close to water. Their call is a low whistle, soft in character, and this is heard chiefly in the evening after one has been firing the jungle, apparently a call for the assembly. This is a very handsome quail when closely examined, the breast markings being particularly handsome. I have never seen these birds in the low Hills. They are associates of the common francolin and where one is found the other is also in the locality. When running they keep very close to each other; in this way I have bagged as many as four in a single shot. Hume's description as to details of colouring is so accurate that I have nothing to add.

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